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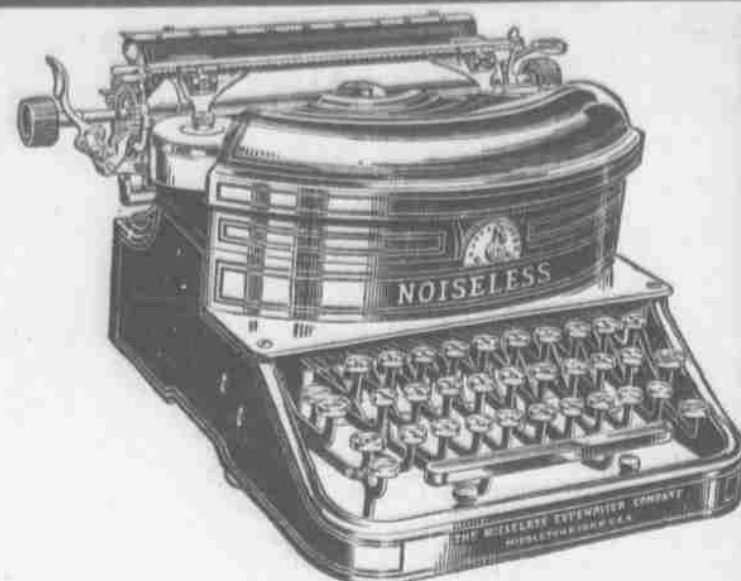
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The Typewriter Plus

SAN FRANCISCO DRINK DISPENSERS DIVIDED ON FREE-LUNCH QUESTION

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 25.—"Abolish the free lunch counter," is the slogan of the present Board of Supervisors that has but a few weeks to serve and wants to help itself. With a glare of trumpets and a declaration that they are taking action for the best interests of the city the Supervisors have introduced an ordinance which would tend to make a misdemeanor for any saloonkeeper in San Francisco to have a free lunch or to furnish his patrons with free lunch. The ordinance has been recommended by the committee and it is said has excellent chances of passage.

Some of the saloonmen are heartily in favor of the proposed law, and there are others opposed to it. The cheaper saloons, those which the working classes are accustomed to frequent and which are, therefore, to be favored by the present Union Labor Board, don't want to go to the expense of furnishing free lunch but they know that they can't stop the practice unless every saloon in San Francisco is compelled to take the same action.

The better class of saloon would prefer to retain the free lunch privilege. It is true that it costs them a pretty penny but they figure that they get it all back in trade and that they can well afford to spend their money in that fashion as a sort of advertisement.

Burden Heavy in Cheaper Places.
The free lunch proposition is quite a problem. The Palace and St. Francis hotel bars, for example, furnish a regular meal, but the patrons are presumed to nibble daintily at what is offered and buy high-priced drinks.

The cheaper saloons find the burden is an irksome one. The teamster, for instance, will purchase a five-cent

glass of steam beer and in addition to demanding a big glass of the amber-colored fluid, he figures on getting some large quantity of lunch, which of course cuts deeply into the profits.

The San Francisco County grand jury has been probing into the mysteries of the Texas Tommy dance. There has been a world of news in the San Francisco dailies and weeklies too, for that matter, about the far-famed Texas Tommy dance and now the grand jurors want to know all about it.

They spent a whole evening one night last week visiting the various dance halls where the Texas Tommy was put on for their especial benefit. Whether they purchased drinks as other visitors are expected to do, has not been explained, but they certainly saw all there was to see of this particular dance.

The Texas Tommy was originated on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco and contrary to most opinion, is not a distasteful dance. In fact, the figures are rather well worth watching. The best proof of this is that the dance has been copied as one of the vaudeville numbers of the Follies of 1911 in New York and sooner or later will be brought to the Coast, where we will be better able to criticize the adaptation.

Not many of the ordinary mortals can dance the Texas Tommy and in most of the entertainment halls, entertainers are hired who put it on several times during the evening just by way of amusing the spectators.

Rolph Has Ample Support.
Mayor-elect Rolph can have no excuses to make in case his administration should fall short. He asked the people to elect a Board of Supervisors that would be in hearty accord with the principles for which he stands, and they have done that. Just one Union Labor candidate was elected, Andy Gallagher, and there are something like sixteen openly avowed Rolph Supervisors, who have promised to back him up in everything that he wants. Ed. Nolan, one of the Supervisors-elect, is a union man, but he has not stood for McCarthy, and it is expected that he will fall in line with the balance of the Rolph people.

On the other offices there was a split. District Attorney Charles M. Fickert, who has received the union labor nominations, was re-elected by a small majority over his opponent, Hathorn. The latter, by the way, was a particularly weak candidate, or he would have beaten Fickert, who has shown no great amount of strength.

Eggers, the Municipal League candidate for Sheriff, defeated Tom Finn, the union labor man. Finn was strong in certain circles, and had the endorsement of Governor Johnson, but that was not enough to pull him through. Dr. Leland was elected Coroner as a member of the Rolph party, however, and that together with his good record, helped him out.

The men who were elected last week will assume their various offices the first of the year, when there ought to be something stirring.

Jewelry Firm Has Profit Scheme.
One of the big jewelry manufacturers of this city has a scheme for increasing his business, which he says beats all the world's fairs ever held or to be held. His plan is to induce all of the married sons of ex-presidents of the United States to settle down in San Francisco.

The little daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has been the greatest motif for business in his line since he has been in business, says this silver-smith, goldsmith and dealer in diamonds. The little lady is not yet four

months old, but she has already carried this jewelry firm over a hard Autumn, and they have hopes that she will tide them over a hard Winter.

The little granddaughter of ex-President Roosevelt has been the recipient of more costly presents than any other baby in California. Her papa's house at 1492 Pacific avenue is loaded with gold rattles, expensive teething rings, bespangled pins, glittering cups, dainty bibs, filmy laces and other fallals. San Francisco society has lavished upon her every conceivable contraption that is supposed to be appropriate to babyhood. She not only got what she needed, but also what cost the most, and everything in profusion.

One of the correspondents who was with President Taft's party here on the occasion of the first breaking of ground on the site of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, left behind at one of the clubs a good story on John Barrett, Director of the Bureau of American Republics in Washington D. C., and also well known in Portland. Barrett was recently in San Diego turning the first spadeful of earth for that city's proposed exposition. En route home, he was wind and dined in this city by the exposition people.

Appointment Godsend to Barrett.

Years ago, Barrett was a journalist in Portland. The idea seized him that he would like to enter the Diplomatic Service and he hid himself to the National capital, where he commenced to pull political wires. The wait was a long one and his funds ran short. In his financial condition he had no other recourse but to resort to the cheaper restaurants. His appointment not forthcoming, he became a regular patron. At noon one day while about to order a humble luncheon, a clerk in one of the departments extended his hand and remarked:

"Let me congratulate you, Barrett. What about?"

"Don't josh me, Barrett. I guess you know already."

Barrett got up from the lunch counter and pushed aside the cheese sandwich and coffee he had ordered.

The clerk wanted to know his hurry. "Oh, I know that," replied the Consul-elect, giving his clothes a little brushing. "But it'll become the Minister of Siam to eat here. I'll dine at one of the principal hotels from now on."

There is an interesting story behind the interview with Claus Spreckels sent out from New York last week, in which he announced that hereafter he was going to support the National Democracy because the Republican party has failed to keep its promise to reduce the tariff duties.

His brother Rudolph, of this city, with whom he has always been exceedingly friendly, tried in vain, when he went East, to induce him to give his allegiance to La Follette. When Claus was in San Francisco, four or five months ago, Rudolph made his first political appeal to his brother. He was ably seconded in his persuasion by Governor Johnson, Meyer Lissner and Chester H. Rowell. The New York Spreckels turned them all down, saying that the paramount National issue in 1912 would be a greatly reduced tariff, and that Woodrow Wilson has a better chance to beat Taft than La Follette. Therefore, he said, he was going to be a Democrat in National politics and would gladly support Governor Wilson if he got the nomination, which he thought was reasonably certain.

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Have you ever written me?..... What is your age?.....
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If you are subject to malaria.....
If you spit up mucus or slime.....
If you are subject to biliousness.....
If you are troubled with catarrh.....
If your sleep does not refresh you.....
If you feel weak and all run down.....
If you have palpitation of the heart.....
If you have heartburn and indigestion.....
If you have weak lungs or cough much.....
If you have any rectal trouble or piles.....
If you belch up wind from the stomach.....
If your hands and feet get cold easily.....
If you spit up sour or undigested food.....
If you have foul breath and coated tongue.....
If your bowels are irregular or constipated.....
If you have specks floating before the eyes.....
If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.....
If you have itching or burning of your skin.....
If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.....
If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.....
If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.....
If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.....
If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.....
If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.....
If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.....
If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.....

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RESPONSIBILITIES OF PARENTS.

My new responsibility has brought me a variety of new appreciations. As a parent I find I have new sentiments about parents, and increased esteem and regard for them as pillars that uphold life and direct it. Beyond doubt, they are fine for upholding grandchildren. No doubt there would be considerably more grandchildren in our world if there were more grandparents who recognized their responsibilities and made provision, as a mat-

ter of course, to meet them. But that does not accord with the lively individualism of our generation. Not only are we all desirous of independent life, but our parents prefer it for us. Accordingly, when we get above the social plane in which independent life for man and wife can be maintained for twenty dollars a week, marriage is apt to come late. There are immense advantages about that social plane in which twenty dollars a week is a complete living, and the wife is cook

and housemaid, wife, mother, and nurse all in one, and the State provides education, and the doctor adjusts his charges to your income, and all the man has to look after is food, clothes, shelter, and pocket-money! I hope the people who are born with a call on that phase of existence appreciate their luck. To rise to the twenty-dollar-a-week phase must be full of satisfaction, but to drop to it is quite another matter. Whatever starting-point is dealt out to us, it is

from that point that we have to go on, and, whether we like it or not, the point at which it behooves us to arrive is measured from the point at which we start.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Magazine for December.

The sale of the Ruth Library in London provided a sensation when a Marzani bible brought \$29,000. Bernard Quaritch is the purchaser.

Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

JUDGE C. C. KOHLSAAT, WHO ISSUED HABEAS CORPUS WRITS FOR BEEF PACKERS.



CHICAGO, November 19.—Judge C. C. Kohlsaatt, who issued the writs of habeas corpus for the packers under indictment on a charge of entering into a conspiracy in restraint of trade, has been the judge of the Seventh United States circuit court since 1905. He was previously United States district judge for the northern district of Illinois. He practiced law in Chicago from 1867 until 1890, when he became probate judge of Cook county, which office he held until 1899.